

# The Daily Green Mountain Freeman.

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## Poetry.

### The Wandering Jew.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY C. BROOKS.

The Wandering Jew once said to me:  
"I passed through a city in the cool of the year;  
A man in the garden plucked fruit from a tree;  
I asked, 'How long has this city been here?'  
And he answered me, and he plucked away,  
'It has always stood where it stands to-day,  
And here it will stand forever and aye.'  
Five hundred years rolled by, and then  
I traveled the self-same road again.  
No trace of a city there I found:  
A shepherd sat blowing his pipe alone;  
His flock went quietly nibbling round.  
I asked, 'How long has the city been gone?'  
And he answered me, and he piped away,  
'The new ones bloom and the old decay,  
This is my pasture ground for aye.'  
Five hundred years rolled by, and then  
I traveled the self-same road again.  
And I came to a sea, and the waves did roar,  
And a fisherman threw his net out clear,  
And when, heavy laden, he dragged it ashore,  
I asked, 'How long has the sea been here?'  
And he laughed, and he said, and he laughed away—  
'As long as you billows have tossed their spray,  
They've fished, and fished, in this self-same bay.'  
Five hundred years rolled by, and then  
I traveled the self-same road again.  
And I came to a forest vast and free,  
And a woodman stood in a thicket near—  
His axe he laid at the foot of a tree;  
I asked, 'How long have these woods been here?'  
And he answered, 'These woods are a covert for aye,  
My ancestors dwell here always,  
And the trees have been here since creation's day.'  
Five hundred years rolled by, and then  
I traveled the self-same road again.  
And found there a city, and far and near  
Resounded the hum of toil and glee;  
And I asked, 'How long has the city been here,  
And where is the pipe, the wood and the sea?'  
And they answered me, as they went their way,  
'Things always have stood as they stand to-day,  
And so they will stand forever and aye.'  
I'll wait five hundred years, and then  
I'll travel the self-same road again."

## Miscellany.

### Scraps from the Signal Corps. No. 1.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,  
Culpepper, Va., Sept. 19, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—While at division headquarters with my mail one morning about a fortnight since, I learned that the Signal Corps were receiving recruits from volunteer regiments, and having been very favorably impressed with this branch of the service, by a visit I paid a station on Sugar Loaf Mountain, Ind., last winter, I straightway resolved that I would attempt to change the scene of my labors. I have often thought it a wise provision of the Almighty which veiled the future from our gaze, that we might not be discouraged by the troubles in store for us, which, if revealed at once would present a too formidable array for the courage of any man; and the manner in which my transfer to the Signal Corps has been managed, has furnished me additional proof of the correctness of my opinion, for could I have seen at a glance the amount of "red tape" necessary to accomplish this object, I think I should have been deterred from taking the first step. There was enough to make a suit of "boy's clothes." Perhaps your readers would like to see it measured, to make sure.

I had first to make an application to Captain Norton, chief signal officer of the army of the Potomac, requesting permission to be examined for admission to his corps. To this document I obtained the approving signature of Lieut. Col. Henry, commanding the 10th, and then carried it to Capt. Norton, at army headquarters. He approved it and sent it to Gen. Meade, who also approved it and sent it to the commander of the 3d corps, for "expression of opinion." From thence it was sent to the 3d division, and then to the 1st Brigade, and then to the regiment, each headquarters sending it to the next lower, repeating the request for an "expression of opinion." Again Col. Henry approved it, and it commenced the upward journey, receiving the approval of brigade, division, and corps commanders, and finally brought up at Gen. Meade's headquarters again. An order to report for examination was

then made out by the Adjutant General of the army and sent to me through "official sources," receiving the signature of the adjutants at corps, divisions and brigade headquarters, and in my own regiment. I reported, was examined and accepted, and sent back to my regiment to procure my "descriptive list." Finding the 10th on the march, I could not get the document, but was promised that it should be sent me as soon as it could be made out. Reporting back to Captain Norton, for duty, I found that the corps had moved, and I had a twenty mile march to overtake them.

So here I am, in the Signal Corps, but not yet transferred—only on detached service, until an order from the War Department shall strike my name from the rolls of my regiment. But I think I may safely say, with so much accomplished—and I assure you that it is with an emotion of joy that I say it, too—"Good-by infantry! Long enough have I had the fear of a knapsack, musket, sixty rounds of ammunition, and eight days' rations hanging over my head." The mounted service don't tremble at such prospects. Besides, Mr. Editor, I may, in certain contingencies, tell you of other and more potent reasons for my rejoicing at being out of the 10th Vermont. There's many a tale to be told after the close of this war.

The Signal Corps has never, until the past Summer, been recognized as a separate branch of the service, but an act of Congress has now so constituted it, and regulated its organization, &c. Hitherto the service of signaling has been performed by soldiers temporarily detached from their regiments. The Signal Corps is now a distinct branch of the regular service, and as soon as its ranks are filled by the transfers now taking place, it is to be organized as follows, viz: There will be seven enlisted men and one commissioned officer on every station. Of the enlisted men four of the seven are termed second class privates, drawing the pay of a private in the infantry, two first class privates, drawing seventeen dollars per month, and one sergeant, drawing thirty-four dollars. The service is mounted, and the uniforms and arms are the same as that of the cavalry. So much I have learned in the day or two I have been here, and I presume that every succeeding day will reveal something new to me and interesting to your readers, though you will perceive the necessity of prudence on my part, in speaking of a service the efficiency of which depends wholly upon its operations being kept a secret from the enemy, and consequently from newspapers. As soon as I have become "handy" in the use of the signal flag I expect to be sent upon a station, and then you shall hear from me again.

Yesterday I visited the 10th Vermont, which is in camp about two miles west of Culpepper. Everything seemed to be progressing finely. The boys had just received their greenbacks, and of course were feeling happy and "living high." Lt. Col. Henry, an officer of whom it cannot be said, as of some other commanders of regiments, "familiarity breeds contempt," is now in command and still retains the same strong hold on the affections of his men that he did six months since. There would be little mourning in the regiment were circumstances to conspire to rob him of the "Lt." part of his title.

The weather has been too cool for comfort for some days past, but the sun comes out beautifully this morning, and promises to give us one day more which shall do credit to the reputation of the "Sunny South."

### Extract from Mr. Elliot's Speech at the Massachusetts Union Convention.

Hon. T. D. Elliot, of New Bedford, presided at the recent State Convention in Massachusetts, and on taking the chair made an excellent speech, from which we make the following extract:

We have assembled now at a period in the history of our State and of the Federal Union when we may well pause to look back upon what has freshly past, and to consider what shall be done in the near future. During the last year reverses have been borne which weighed down the hearts of patriotic men, and successes have been achieved which now remove all doubt as to the speedy tri-

umph of our Union armies. We care not here to speculate upon the causes which resulted in failure when the heroic bravery of our men deserved, and had seemed to win, victory. It will be time enough when peace has been conquered, and freedom established all over the land, to analyze some of the battles which have been fought—bravely but uselessly fought; when noble lives have been sacrificed and lost in vain. Our homes have been bereft of their hope and their strength, and our hearts rent with anguish. We cannot forget the early carnage of Ball's Bluff, or the later martyrdoms at Chancellorsville.

"Heroes! for instant sacrifice prepared,  
Yet filled with ardor, and on triumph bent,  
'Mid direst forms of horrid accident!  
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared  
To guard the fallen and consummate the event,  
Your land will rear a sacred monument."

But since the time when Gen. Lee massed his army in the mountain regions of Pennsylvania, our victories East and West and South have been overwhelming and decisive. Now, indeed, over the electric wires we have intelligence of fearful battle and bloody carnage beyond Chattanooga. The war-worn soldiers from the Army of Virginia and the troops of Johnston, and the whipped prisoners of Vicksburg, have been united with the forces under Bragg to crush, if they could by quick and desperate attack, the gallant men who fight under the banner of Rosecrans. We shall find that they have failed to accomplish what they designed. Rosecrans will hold his ground. One crown of roses is not destined yet to fade. His name and his life are a guaranty of victory.

But who of us did not rejoice that the army of the Potomac in those first days of July found at once its leader and its opportunity? Who can reckon up the debt that we owe to Meade, and to his valiant generals and heroic men for that weeks work?

The planned invasion of Pennsylvania by their ablest rebel general with his army of trained veterans, that had learned their lessons of war in the battles before Richmond, at Antietam, near Fredericksburg, and at Chancellorsville, had been regarded by traitors at the North and rebels at the South and their English friends and allies as the probable forerunner of Union defeat and of foreign recognition. When Longstreet's division was beaten back on that Friday in July, that triple-headed foe was slain. The rebel hosts were scattered and driven from our soil. The chances of foreign recognition were lost, when the great battle was lost which was to make recognition possible. And Northern traitors! What became of them? The meanest of all our foes! No matter whether living in Massachusetts or New York. Thank God they too were paralyzed by the great victory at Gettysburg. What if that battle had been lost and the conquering hosts of the soldier of Arlington had held in consequence Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Baltimore! Out from every hole these accursed traitors would have sprung into life again, and dishonorable peace would have been counseled, and cowardly submission and miserable compromise! I am not speaking now of War Democrats—they know how to fight—Butler of Massachusetts, and Logan of Illinois, and such as they. They are with us and we with them. Such men as they have been invited to assemble with us here to-day, and with them we can fraternize and act. Close upon the victories at Gettysburg have come to us the decisive successes upon the Mississippi. The great river flows with her tribute streams proudly to the Gulf, and no rebel stronghold intercepts the loyal commerce that peacefully vexes her free waters. Honor to Grant, the hero of Vicksburg, and to the brave Porter, his Admiral and ally, and honor to Banks, the victor of Port Hudson. The West and the East have joined hands, and shall not be parted forever more. Victory has followed victory—Chattanooga, Knoxville, Cumberland Gap—Rosecrans, Burnside and Sherman! What shall we say of them? What shall the country not say of them, and for them and their hero soldiers! And of Gillmore and Dahlgren on Morris Island and in the waters near Charleston!

But while we remember our valiant soldiers, let us never forget the heroism at Port Hudson, and Fernandina, and Fort Wagner, where the black soldier first fought for the stars and stripes. All honor to those men, brothers in arms and fellow fighters for freedom. Let them fight, and let them conquer. Who have better right to fight for the Union in South Carolina than those men for whose oppression South Carolina began this war for slavery?

But all these victories are bringing near to us some questions which Massachusetts must discuss and help to answer. After victories come peace, and with peace comes reunion. But how? North Carolina and Tennessee, bone of her bone, will soon seek in some way to throw off the tyrant's yoke and be restored again, honored and trusted and beloved as they were of old. Louisiana and Florida, South Carolina and Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama, Arkansas and Texas, will all in their turn and

in some way seek to come again under the fold of the national flag. By our recent successes the traitor confederacy has been deprived of more than one half its territorial strength and more than half its population. If foreign powers do not intervene for slavery, there is no fair room for doubt that in a few more months the Federal Government will have overcome the organized rebellion. Predatory and guerrilla war may be for awhile continued. But when the great armies now in the field are destroyed, the power of the Government will be confessed, and the body of this great treason will be controlled.

What shall be done then, and how shall it be done? Our Union must be restored and so restored, that in no future age can such rebellion be renewed. Our children's children must not have to fight over again the battles for freedom in which our brothers and our sons have fallen. One generation of young men is enough to ransom a nation from slavery. We have sinned, and in these years have expiated our offense by the best blood of our most beloved. And now, speaking for myself, having no authority to commit friends or party, but declaring my own deepest convictions, I say that to assure to this land permanent peace it must be ordained that no slave can stand upon our soil or breathe the free air that lifts upward our Stars and Stripes. Then true rest will be found and brotherly love; and we shall have vindicated the promises and the faith of the fathers.

By what processes immediate or gradual, ordered by the State, by President or by Congress, this crowning work is to be done, must before long be determined. If military necessity requires it, it may be done by one great act of emancipation providing compensation to loyal owners and securing freedom to all. It may be by a second completed proclamation by the President, which God grant he may have faith to make. It may be made as to the seceded States the condition precedent to a restoration of forfeited rights. These are rebel States and have lifted up their defiant hand against the life of the nation. They are traitor States for they have "levied war" against the Union. They are belligerent States and have carried on that war by confederate armies, organized and paid from their common treasury. They may be declared forfeit of their rights, or as conquered enemies compelled to submit to terms. I know not how it will be done; but I pray that when the time for decision comes, the voice of Massachusetts may give no uncertain sound, but may speak for that peace which shall endure. We have been compelled to "take the sword." Let us "seek with it, peace in freedom."

## GREAT BARGAINS

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T. G. PHINNEY,  
Corner of Main and State Streets.  
Montpelier, April 1, 1861

## Dental Notice.

I HAVE removed my office from Main to State Street, to the new building called the "Rialto," between Ballou & Loveland's Bookstore and the Freeman office. I shall be glad to see all who wish to employ me as their dentist. Teeth—whole and parts of sets inserted on Gold, Silver, Platinum and Rubber. The Rubber Work is now so extensively and favorably known that it is not necessary to say anything in its praise, as it is almost universally used in the place of metal plates.

No Charge made for temporary Sets of Teeth.  
My price for Filling Teeth with Gold is 75 Cents a Cavity.

Extracting done with improved instruments, and Ether or Chloroform given if necessary. All my work Warranted. Persons coming from a distance will please notify me in advance, if convenient. All my charges are reasonable. JOHN M. COMEGYS,  
State St., Montpelier, July 21, 1863.

## The Annual Meeting

OF the "FARMERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY," for the choice of a Board of Directors for the choice of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such business as is authorized by the charter and by-laws, will be held at the office of said Company in Montpelier, on Wednesday, Oct. 14, 1863.

JOSEPH POLAND, Secretary.  
Montpelier, Sept. 2, 1863.